

THE
JE-NE-SCAI-QUON

Containing

P O E M S

On various Subjects, *viz.*

On a Candle, which had
like to have set a Lady's
Shift on Fire; at Bath.

The Sacrifice to Cupid.

The Pack-Saddle.

A Rondeau.

The Bilboquet.

On the Word *Notwithstanding*.

The injured Rib.

The ample Confession.

The Hymeneal Contract.

The kind Consent.

On a young Lady's pricking
her finger with a Needle.

Spoken *Extempore* to a
young Lady, who had lost
her thread, and found it
in her bosom.

Cupid's Threat to Jupiter.
To Mr. H—— on his
excellent Paintings.

On a young Lady's being
like to be overthrown in
Hyde-Park.

To jealous Phillis.

To the same.

Her Reply.

To Fanny—— Sent by Sir
Charles——

To Phillis on her finding
the Verses to Fanny in
my Pocket.

Phillis forsaken.

To Belinda.

To the same.

On Belinda's Seat of Plea-
sure.

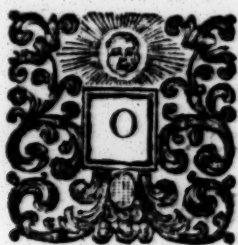
L O N D O N.

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*On a CANDLE which had like to have
set a Lady's Shift on fire at Bath.*



Happy Light! in such a Posture fix'd!
To see such Limbs and what's conceal'd betwixt!

To view at once BELINDA's Cyprian
Grove,

And all the Out-works of the Fort of Love!
Could'st thou not be content with such a Sight!
But rudely must attempt to take her by't?
Thou daring Flame! thou bold aspiring Fire!
Durst thou presume to think of mounting high'r?
Durst thou attempt so great! so sweet a Bliss!
For which we Mortals, nay, ev'n Gods wou'd wish?

What

What pleasure could'st thou vainly hope to give?
 What transport from her hidden charms receive?
 Didst thou, like Jove, design to storm the Dame,
 And then consume her in thy scorching flame?
 Or was't because thou could'st not hope t' enjoy,
 Thou form'dst that vile intention to destroy?
 Hadst thou succeeded, and thy fury spread,
 What wasteful Havock had thy mischief made!
 Nor *Etna's*, nor *Vesuvius'* flame, so much,
 In Ages, had devoured, as thy touch!
 Not *Fontainebleaux* whole forest could repair,
 Or ballance with, the loss of the minutest hair!



The SACRIFICE to CUPID.

PROstrate on earth, before God CUPID'S Shrine,
 Lay a young nymph — handsome? — almost
 divine! —

A large wax Candle offer'd as her gift,
 Sh' implor'd a lover — ev'ry maiden's drift.

The

The laughing God reply'd, with sly grimace,
Your Off'ring may supply a lover's place.

Ah ! cry'd the Fair, what service to a maid
Can th' Off'ring be, without a Priest's kind aid ?

Talk of the Devil and he's always near,
Love's Priest step'd forth, and seiz'd the longing Fair.
Eager he clasp'd her, with a strong embrace,
(What female-Saint wou'd e'er refuse her Place!)
His nimble tongue now in her mouth he whips,
And prints soft humid kisses on her Lips ;
Now o'er her breast his curious fingers stray,
Now press her iv'ry thighs, *Et cetera*.
Then, ripe for bliss, their spirits on the flow,
While the warm Parts with expectation glow,
Their breaths, short heaving, fan the raging fire,
And all their souls are kindled with desire,
The virgin's choicest treasure soon he gain'd,
And, at one push, the girl her wish obtain'd.

The



The P A C K - S A D D L E.

ONE NOB, a Painter, jealous of his spouse,
 A Journey took — but, to secure his brows,
 First painted — what? and where? — why,
 just upon her
 Belly, an Afs — the guardian of her honour.
 More Afs the man — content he hies away,
 Pleas'd with his stratagem to spoil her play.
 A Brother limner, soon as NOB was gone,
 Fell to't ding-dong, as he had often done.
 But oh! the mischievous effects of chance!
 The sweat which bath'd 'em in old Adam's Dance,
 Repeated oft, as they dissolving lay,
 Thoughtless of fate, wash'd NOB's dull guard away.
 Now tir'd with am'rous sport, the heedless lass
 Began to think her of the painted Afs;
 She look'd, 'twas gone; no Afs was to be found,
 Tho' both together searched her Belly round.

How

How did she then the luckless deed deplore!
 Alas, too late! the luckless deed was o'er!
 Cheer up, quoth he, I'll paint another, Dame ——
 'Twas done —— so like! it seemed the very same
 But he had chanc'd upon his back to place
 A large Pack-saddle. (none had t'other Afs)
 Returning NOB ran strait his beast to view;
 See here, my dear, with confidence, says Sue,
 The Afs entire as when you drew it first;
 A proof that I've been chaste --- the proof be curst,
 Cry'd angry NOB; curs'd be the *Saddle* too;
 That one has rid my Afs, appears too true.



A R O N D E A U.

THE Sun, which all things warms,
 Sees nought like CELIA's charms:
 She ev'ry sense enchants;
 With Air divine can dance;
 Her mouth, her hands, her arms,
 Fraught all with heav'nly charms;

Her

Her eye each heart alarms,
 And carries in each glance
 The Sun.

Her shape true symmetry,
 And motion graceful, free;
 Not VENUS' self, so fair,
 Can boast such charms as her;
 I mean those which ne'er see
 The Sun.

The BILBOQUET.

AH! Mamma, I long to play
 With the charming COLINET,
 Sweetly passing time away,
 At the Game of BILBOQUET.

He puts it *six* times running in,
 So much he's to the Pastime giv'n;
 But when the *Catcher* pleases him,
 Oh! then he goes as far as *seven*.

On



On the Word *Notwithstanding*.

JACK swore to *Kate* he never more wou'd woo
her;

Kate wish'd him hang'd when next he came unto
her :

But Love's great, little God the man commanding
That *Jack* must needs go to her *Not-with-standing* ;
Kate curs'd and swore and bawl'd, like Fish-wife, and
Against *Jack's Not-with-standing* did withstand.
At length *Jack's Not-with-standing* him forsook,
And *Kate* affords her *Jack* a pleasant look.

Thus *Not-with-standing* did the wars increase,
But *Stiff-with-standing* made the friendly peace.

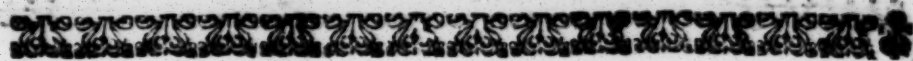




The Injured Rib.

A Brawny porter us'd to beat his wife,
 And led her ev'ry day a weary life;
 The patient woman bore it as she ought,
 He still abus'd and call'd her all to nought;
 Seldom or never fam'ly duty paid,
 Poor JOAN liv'd neither widow, wife, nor maid:
 Condition sad! whilst ev'ry honest dame
 Against the tyrant loudly would exclaim;
 In vain! for JEREMY was past reclaim. }
 Some trifle once had vex'd the churlish clown,
 His cheese ill toasted, or his bread too brown;
 In vain she vow'd to do the fault no more,
 The surly Lubber turn'd her out o' door.
 Yet quiet she ne'er into fury flies;
 But at the threshold down she sits, and cries.
 A Barber spruce kind fortune that way led;
 Why, dame, quoth he, dost not cornute his head?

I can't, dear sir, the Injur'd Rib reply'd,
But if you will, you shall not be deny'd.



The Ample Confession.

WITH the spouse of NOLL BLUFF, to That
Same a well-willer,
A neighbouring plow-man had oft been familiar.
Which told to the husband, he ran to the field,
And sword in hand enter'd, where then the clown till'd
'Then thundring, out-bellows, while yet at a distance
So ho! friend, — did you lend my Rib your
assistance
To furnish my forehead? — Here HODGE, for
the nonce,
Left his plough, and soon pick'd up a skirtful of
stones.
'Then on the defensive — your wife I have rid —
Gad — its well you confess'd — very well
that you did,

Heav'n

Heav'n knows what revenge I design'd to have taken!
But this ample confession has quite sav'd your bacon.



The Hymenæal Contract.

YOung STREPHON lov'd a maiden fair,
And often did declare it;

His vows she heard, receiv'd his pray'r,
And priz'd his real merit.

With Rapt'rous joy he blest his fate,
Happy! beyond expressing!

When she agreed to change her state,
And grant the mighty blessing.

The mighty blessings lovers find,

When HYMEN's bands unite 'em,

Whilst CUPID pins 'em mind to mind,
And riches flow in *item*.



The

The kind Consent.

TH' enamour'd DAMON long had lov'd
 Fair CELIA to despair;
 At length she by his plaints was mov'd,
 And kindly eas'd his care.

Bright nymph ! he cry'd, how blest am I !
 My pains are well repaid :
 Oh ! once more let us taste the joy,
 Thou dear, transporting maid !

She blush'd ; her soft consenting eyes
 In silent language spoke,
 Dear DAMON, who the suit denies
 If CUPID's fires provoke ?





On a young Lady's pricking her finger
with a Needle.

Silly Needle, why art drown'd
In CLEORA's finger's wound?

Idly there thy fury's spent :

Wouldst thou give to me content,

Try to pierce her stony heart,

Which has foil'd love's ev'ry dart.



Spoken extempore to a young Lady,
who had lost her Thread and found
it in her bosom.

THrice happy Thread! how blest your case !

Which you with pride may boast :

Who would not wish, in such a place !

To be forever lost ?

CUPID'S



CUPID'S Threat to JUPITER.

AS on *Olympus'* top, one day,
 Love's little God had got to play,
 He blindly threw a pointed dart,
 Which made the mighty Thund'rer smart.
 Jove, angry at th' unlucky hit,
 Thus threatned the unruly Chit:
 Thy bow and Shafts I'll take away,
 And hinder thy mischievous play.
 The Urchin laugh'd — poor Jove ! quoth he,
 I'll keep my pow'r in spite of thee.
 If thou durst thunder or complain,
 I'll turn thee to a swan again.



To

! ~~~~~
 To the ingenious Mr. H----th, on his
 excellent Paintings.

WHile I thy Paintings with delight survey,
 My ravish'd eyes, unwearied sweetly stray.
 In the bright Science you so much excel,
 At once on ev'ry Piece my raptur'd sight would
 dwell.

Thus the blest lover, in his fair one's arms,
 Fondly explores her multitude of charms,
 Whilst softly murmurs the enamour'd boy,
 'That lips, and breast, and All, he can't at once enjoy.

~~~~~  
 On a young Lady's being like to be  
 overturn'd in *Hyde-Park*.

**A**S t'other day, at the REVIEW,  
 I cast my eyes around,  
 Whom CHLOE, shou'd I see but you,  
 Just falling on the ground.

Your



Your coach had chanc'd to lock a wheel  
 Against another there ;  
 The sudden shock made yours so reel,  
 You turn'd all pale with fear:

Your Fall I fear'd — yet hop'd it more,  
 Were danger far away :  
 Such a REVIEW of CHARMS before  
 Had never grac'd the Day!

CUPID, why wert thou absent then ?  
 Was this thy friendly care ?  
 If on the coach thy wing had lain,  
 What thighs — ! what — had been bare!

But, ah ! fair VENUS from the field  
 Sent her unlucky Son,  
 Lest such bright charms should be reveal'd  
 As would eclipse her own.

Vex'd, I grew sick at trump and drum,

(A stupid scene the whole)

Beyond 'em all your naked B——m

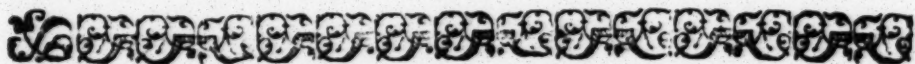
Had fir'd my raptur'd soul!

Ah! had your Driver OVID read,

And envy'd PHA'TON's fame;

As great Destruction he had made,

And set the world on flame.



### To Jealous PHILLIS.

**A**H! PHILLIS, why those frowns to me?  
Why thus o'ercast with care?

Unjust is all your jealousy;

Too groundless ev'ry fear.

That face which once us'd to diffuse

A pleasure through my heart,

A poignant pain does now infuse

Thro' ev'ry vital part.

What

What if I did on FANNY smile,  
And fetch a Sigh or two,  
Ah ! think me not so full of guile,  
As to be false to you.

I smile but at her awkward air,  
The nonsense that does fill her,  
And if I sigh — it is, my dear,  
Because I cannot kill her.



To the Same.

SO PHILLY, who is now unkind?  
Who now can sigh and smile?  
Am I more faithless than the Wind?  
Do I alone beguile?

No, PHILLY, no ; with grief I see,  
And equal rage, that you  
Are with your smiles and sighs as free,  
And to SIR FOPLING too !

Goo!



Good Gods ! that ever I should love,  
 Nay to distraction doat,  
 On one, who can with smiles approve  
 A senseless, powder'd Coat !

You'll say, for your dropt fan he run ;  
 And therefore as a proof  
 Of your Civility, 'twas done !  
 A Bow had been enough.

But, PHILLY, though you me accuse  
 Of being with FANNY free,  
 And are of smiles and sighs profuse,  
 I scorn her still for thee.



### The Answer.

**Y**OU make me mad — SIR FOPLING I !  
 SIR FOPLING I approve !  
 Ten thousand deaths I'd sooner die  
 Than hear him *think* of love.

Because

Because I touch'd your guilty heart,  
 This jealousy you frame;  
 I scorn your poor, detected art,  
 And hate your very name.

May lightning blast you for your fraud,  
 And vengeance on you pour:  
 I'll Common Strumpet turn and Baud,  
 Rather than see you more.

But since you cou'd your reason tell,  
 (Tho' it was all a lie)  
 I, in my turn too, will reveal  
 Why I did smile and figh.

I smil'd because he hit his head  
 Against his Brother BEAU;  
 And figh'd, cause on my toes he tread;  
 So now the truth you know.

To



To FANNY---, kept by Sir CHARLES---

WHY dost thou, lovely Nymph, shun my  
embrace,

And yet invite me with your beauteous face?

Why dost thou with thy charms my love excite,

And yet with cruelty my passion slight?

Why dost thou blame my eager, fond desire,

And yet each moment set my soul on fire?

Oh! pity rather an unhappy flame,

Which rages fiercely through my vital frame;

Flies through my veins, and does my heart invade,

Since first your pow'r I passively obey'd.

Since first I fell a victim to your eyes,

And yielded up myself a willing sacrifice.

Your beauteous eyes and lovely snowy breast,

Those fatal, dear, disturbers of my rest,

Were made by heav'n to be ador'd and prest.

Not



Not by the wretch who holds you in his arms,  
 A wretch, who cannot justly rate your charms;  
 A wretch, who knows not how to prize your worth;  
 Whom chance, not love, gave to his title birth:  
 (Title! what title can th' usurper boast?  
 Who makes his brags to've gain'd an easy toast?)  
 Who like a tyrant deems you as his slave;  
 But by a man who's gen'rous, kind and brave:  
 One, who with life and fortune wou'd defend  
 Your fame, and prove himself a real friend;  
 Not blab the secret when h'as gain'd his end.  
 Such then am I, who die to set you free  
 From his ungrateful boasts and tyranny.

Consider, fair one, hear a lover's voice,  
 Whose peace, nay life itself depends upon your choice.



~~~~~  
 To P H I L L I S on her finding the Verses
 to F A N N Y in my Pocket.

Cease, dear nymph, no more upbraid me,
 Shame and grief too much invade me:
 Tho' I've play'd a traitor's part
 To thy fond, forgiving heart,
 Ah! cease, and let thine ire relent;
 For oh! dear PHILLY I repent.

~~~~~  
 P H I L L I S Forsaken.

W H Y, PHILLIS, dost thou rave and tear thy  
 hair?

And like a frantick *Bacchanal* appear?

The more you weep, the more your bloom decays,  
 Grief, like a Canker, spoils a beauteous face.

You're not the first that T H Y R S I S has deceiv'd,  
 Who once his vows of constancy believ'd;

You're not the first his artful tales have won,  
 Nor yet the last by his fair speech undone.

This

This for your ease, (if any ease it be?)

See many others mourn his treachery.

But, PHILLIS, all your former pride and scorn

Most justly now on your own head return :

Remember how LYSANDER fought to gain

Your scornful heart, and how he su'd in vain !

In vain with pray'rs and tears assail'd to move

Your tyrant-breast, inflexible to love.

Think on the many torments he endur'd,

Which even one kind look from you had cur'd ;

But you, disdainful, kill'd him by your hate ;

Reflect, and own the justice of your fate !

In him you had been happy, now you own,

Rival'd by all, but you belov'd alone.

Too late, alas! these sad reflections come ;

See ! where he lies in yon cold marble tomb !

A breathless corps th' unhappy youth now lies,

The victim of your sweet destructive eyes.

Now may you range the world, and fondly strive,  
Still to regain your wand'ring fugitive ;

D

But



But THYRSIS young and gay delights to rove,  
 Deluding thousands with his faithless love.  
 One conquest gain'd, another he pursues,  
 Flush'd with success, the am'rous war renews;  
 Bold as a conqu'ror never quits his post,  
 But whom h'attacks is surely won and lost;  
 Succeeding triumphs his sweet labours crown,  
 Which past, he flights, and leaves the Fair to moan  
 Nor wonder that your Shepherd's gone astray,  
 For Love himself has wings and often flies away.



TO BELINDA.

**M**UST I for ever then complain,  
 And watch each tedious night?  
 Must I still wait t'enjoy in vain  
 The promis'd, dear delight?

Last

Last night the house was fast asleep,  
 When to your chamber door  
 I did, with silent footstep, creep,  
 And entrance kind implore.

Why did you speak so loud and make  
 Your little lap-dog bark?  
 You knew th'alarm your aunt wou'd wake,  
 Who caught me in the dark.

I feign'd a-sleep, and onwards walk'd  
 Direct into her room;  
 And thus, as dreaming, wildly talk'd,  
 " D'y' hear the kettle-drum?

Then — how shall I this quagmire wade!  
 I sink! o help! — and then  
 I seem'd commanding at the head  
 Of troops of armed men.

Then,

Then, musicks sounds I feigned to hear;

Then talk'd of Law profound;

Next fancy'd I pursu'd a Deer,

And then call'd off the hound,

Whimsies on whimsies still succeed,

I like a mad-man rav'd;

Your aunt was frightned into bed,

And thus your honour sav'd.



### To the Same.

**N**O more I'll with unwearied toils  
Deceitful love pursue;

Nor trust to your too faithless smiles;

Dear, perjur'd nymph, adieu.

How oft BELINDA hast thou swore,

By love's almighty name,

(That pow'r, which all mankind adore,)

To bless my ardent flame.

In



In vain your rolling eyes shall glance,  
 And mine with softness meet,  
 Like Sun-beams that on waters dance ;  
 For oh ! they look deceit.

In vain your alabaster arms,  
 Like tendrils on the vine,  
 Fraught as they are with melting charms,  
 Around my neck shall twine.

Your lovely head in vain shall lay  
 Upon my raptur'd breast ;  
 Your taper fingers fruitless play :  
 I'll be no more your jest.

Since all these arts, you fondly show  
 And wantonly employ,  
 Are practis'd only when you know  
 We cannot seize the joy.

When in the house your watchful spies  
 Are wandring to and fro,  
 'Tis then, with these dear, lovely lies,  
 You only charm me so.

But

But when kind fortune proves my friend,  
 And not a soul is nigh;  
 Ill health you for excuse pretend,  
 And all my wishes fly.

Of illness when I see the feint,  
 And no-body within;  
 My angel then strait turns a saint,  
 And tells me 'tis a Sin,

Averse and cold does then appear,  
 And insolently coy;  
 But when her guards return, my dear  
 Is dying to enjoy.

Curse on your fly coquetting airs!  
 My freedom I'll renew:  
 May age o'ertake you, with grey hairs!  
 Dear, perjur'd nymph, adieu.



*On BELINDA's Seat of Pleasure.*

**W**Hat greater pleasures can man taste!  
 What sweeter transports feel!

Than those beneath BELINDA's waste?

Which poorly words reveal!

First th'am'rous youth, with fierce desires,

Distorts her iv'ry thighs;

Then 'twixt her trembling limbs retires;

The seat where pleasure lies!

There! both promiscuously enjoy

God CUPID's softest fires:

But the transported, fainting boy

At ev'ry shove expires.

F I N I S.





Lately publish'd; and W

(Price Six-pence, the fourth Edition of)

Kick him, Jenny : A Tale

And his Jenny : A Country-dance

Set to Musick, for the Violin and Flute

Sold at the Pamphlet-Shops in London and  
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